

ROBIN-HOOD  
AND THE  
DUKE of LANCASTER,

: A  
B A L L A D.

To the Tune of  
*The Abbot of Canterbury.*



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ROBIN HOOD

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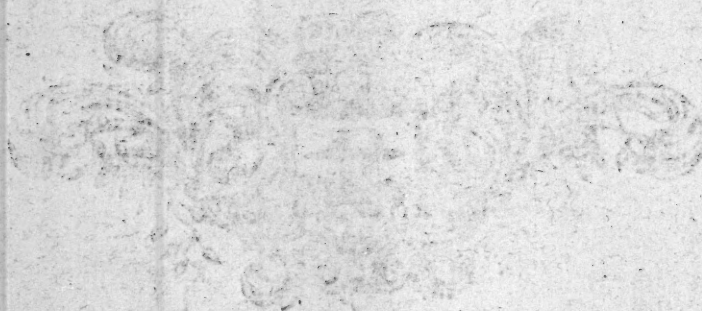
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DUKE OF LANCASTER

BALLAD

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The Abbot of Canterbury



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DUKE of LANCASTER.  
A  
BALLAD.

To the Tune of  
*The Abbot of Canterbury.*

I.  
**C**OME listen, my Friends, to a story so new,  
In the Days of King *John*, in twelve hundred and two  
Now the bold little Duke, of the fair *Lancashire*,  
Came to speak to the King like I brave Cavalier.  
*Derry down, down, down, derry down.*

II.  
I a trice he was got to the good King's Abode,  
The Horse in a Froth, on which the Duke rode,  
Tho' the Steed had gallop'd full three Miles from Home,  
Not so much at the Mouth as the Rider did seem.  
*Derry down, &c.*

B

III. The

## III.

The Gate it did shake when he knock'd at the Door,  
 As his Hands they did tremble with Anger full fore,  
 And a Message of Haste his Words did bespeak,  
 Till the Paint, red before, wazed blue on his Cheek.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## IV.

Quoth the Porter, who is it that dares be so bold,  
 As to stun the fair Gate of our Liège's Freehold?  
 Quoth the Duke, I am come some Truth to report.  
 O ho! quoth the Porter — You're just come to Court.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## V.

He tofs'd up his Chin, and a Roll did advance  
 Of Parchment, I ween, instead of a Lance:  
*Lo here is the Statute we made such a strife for.*  
 Said the Porter, — It seemeth all Cypher.  
*Derry down, &c.*

## VI.

Then up the high Steps the stout Duke he did stride,  
 His stride so Gigantic, his stature bely'd  
 Quoth he, as a Peer, I will free my good Liège,  
 From the Vermin and Barwings his Grace that besige,  
*Derry down, &c.*

## VII.

The Rooman cry'd Stand — Quoth the Duke I'm a Peer,  
 And I bring a good Statute of Parliament here;  
 Be the King where he can, I may visit him still.  
 This was pass'd in the last of the Conqueror Will,  
*Derry down, &c.*

## VIII. &amp;c.



## VIII.

He found his good Grace just a trimming his Beard,  
By the Hands of a Dwarf whom he lately had rear'd :  
The Duke was beginning his Speech in great Wrath ;  
Says the King to the Dwarf, *This is nothing but Froth.*  
Derry down, &c.

## IX.

My good Liege quoth the Duke, You are grossly abused  
By Knaves far and near, by your Grace kindly used ;  
There's your Keeper so crafty, call'd Bold Robin Hood,  
Keeps us all but himself, my good Liege, in a Wood.  
Derry down, &c.

## X.

He riseth, e'er Day-break, to kill your fat Deer,  
And never calls me to partake of the Cheer.  
For Shoulders and Umbles, and other good Fees,  
He says, for your Use, he locks up with his Keys.  
Derry down, &c.

## XI.

As I'm learnt in the Law, This is Robbing direct,  
As appears by the 1st of KING WILL. VII. SECT.  
Besides what is yours, Sir, is ours — and then  
He's a Felon, d'ye see, by the 2d of HEN.  
Derry down, &c.

## XII.

What is worse, he will make HARRY GAMBOL a Keeper,  
And the Plot ev'ry Day is laid deeper and deeper,  
Shou'd he bring him once in, your Court wou'd grow thinner,  
For instead of a St. — he wou'd bring in a Sinner,  
Derry down, &c.

## XIII.

## XIII.

*I intreat you, dear Leige, have a Care what you do;  
To Man, Woman nor Child he was never yet true;  
Shou'd you trust him, he'd serve you as ill, on my Life,  
As he did his first Friends, as he did his first Wife.  
Derry down, &c.*

## XIV.

*Quoth our Liege, Wou'd you have no Robin out - Is that all?  
I wou'd have, quoth the Duke, Sir, No Robbing at all.  
Why Man! quoth the King, on my troth you'll bereave  
All my Court of its People, except 'tis my SHERIFF.  
Derry down, &c.*

## XV.

*Besides, who'll succeed him, because without Doubt,  
You'd have some one put in sure, as well as put out?  
Then a Smile so obliging the Duke did display,  
And made a low bow, as if — who shou'd say:  
Derry down, &c.*

## XVI.

*Said our Liege, I respect your great Depth, on my Word;  
But to cast up vile Sums is beneath such a Lord.  
As to that, quoth the Duke, I learnt it at School,  
And can tell more than twenty — You know I'm no Fool.  
Derry down, &c.*

## XVII.

*Quoth our Liege with a Sneer, tho' with Face right serene,  
I believe, I by this time guess all that you mean.  
Wou'd you have me hang Robin, and count my own Pelf?  
Oh no, quoth the Duke, — I'd be Robbing my self:  
Derry down, &c.*

**F I N I S.**